

COMMIES

FROM MARS

THE RED PLANET!

No.3
Adults Only!
\$1.50



A YEAR AND A HALF AFTER THE CONQUEST OF PLANET EARTH BY THE MARTIAN INVASION FORCE...



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*THE COMMUNIST MARTIAN PROPAGANDA BOARD PRESENTS
A PEOPLE'S PRODUCTION



LIFE ON THE NEW MARTIAN EARTH

ANY SEATH PERSON REPRODUCING THIS PUBLIC SERVICE MESSAGE WITHOUT PROPAGANDA AUTHORITY WILL BE SEVERELY PUNISHED FOR LIFE!

SINCE WE HAVE ARRIVED ON EARTH, YOUR STANDARD OF LIVING HAS BEEN GREATLY IMPROVED.

NOW THAT YOUR AUTOS ARE GONE, YOU NEED NOT WORRY ABOUT THE OIL CRISIS.

NO MORE DIFFICULT DECISIONS AT CROWDED SUPER MARKETS. WE TELL YOU WHAT TO EAT.



AND YOU NEED NO LONGER FEAR THE ANATROPHOUS COMMUNISM OF THE SOVIET UNION SINCE WE DISINTEGRATED IT.

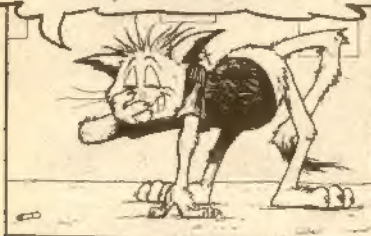
THE GLOBAL CLIMATE CONTROL PROGRAM WAS HIGHLY

THE COURSE YOU WERE FOLLOWING

...IN FACT THE ONLY GOOD THING THEY'VE DONE WAS SHUT DOWN THE HANNA-BARBERA STUDIOS!

SINCE THE INVASION, ALL ARTISTS AND WRITERS ARE FORCED TO CRANK OUT THIS TRASH FOR THE PROPAGANDA BOARD.

THE CARTOONIST STUCK ME IN HERE TO VOICE THE OPPOSITION, HOPING I'LL BE OVERLOOKED BY THE CENSORS AS A CUTE, COMIC-RELIEF CHARACTER.



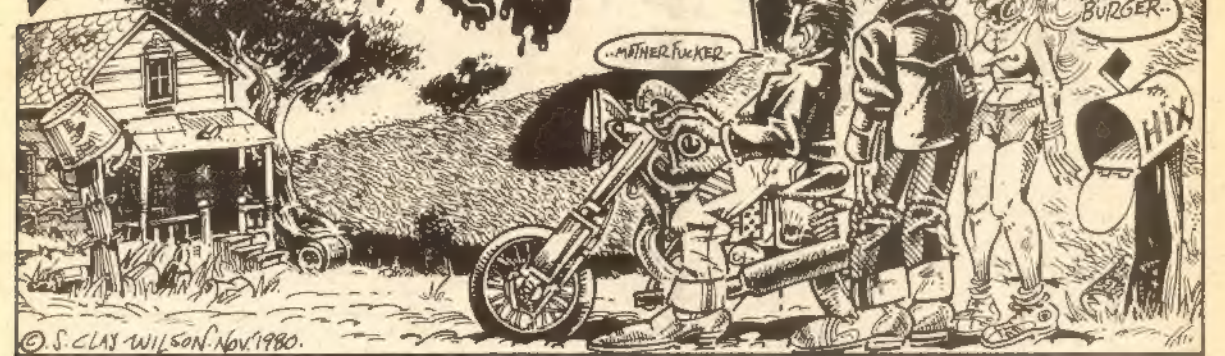
PERSONALLY, I THINK ITS DANGEROUS! MY APPEARANCE HERE COULD GET HER IN DEEP TROUBLE WITH THE BOARD...

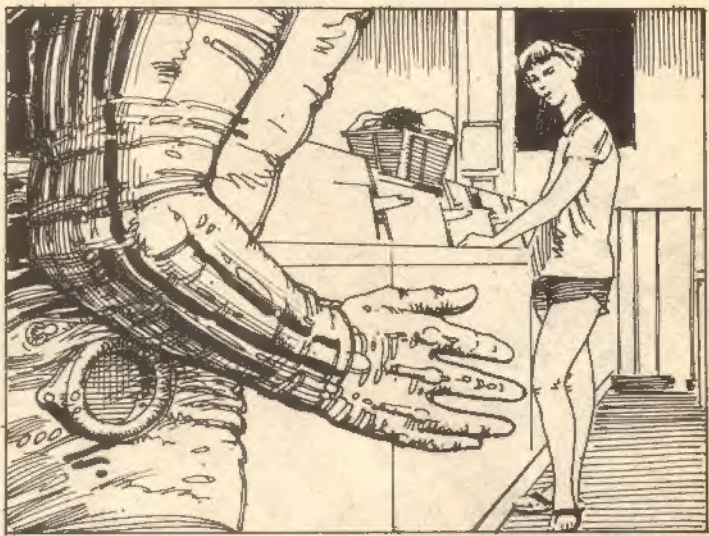
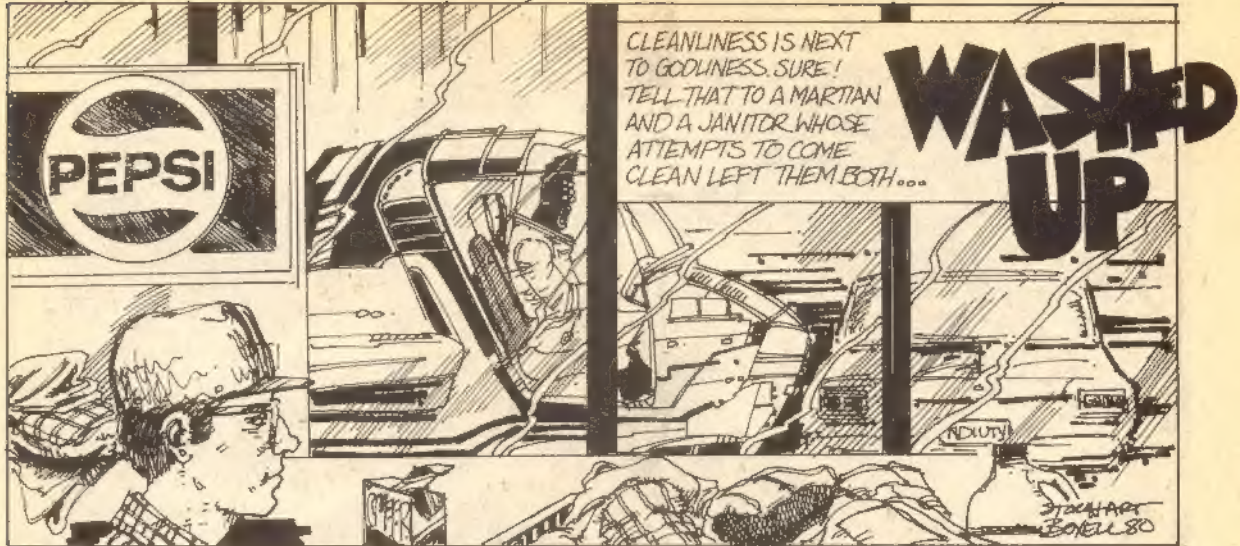
...BUT THEN... SHE HASN'T BEEN QUITE THE SAME SINCE THEY DEFOILIATED SOUTH AMERICA.

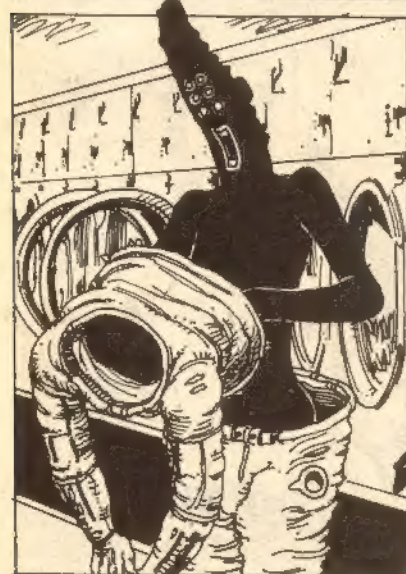
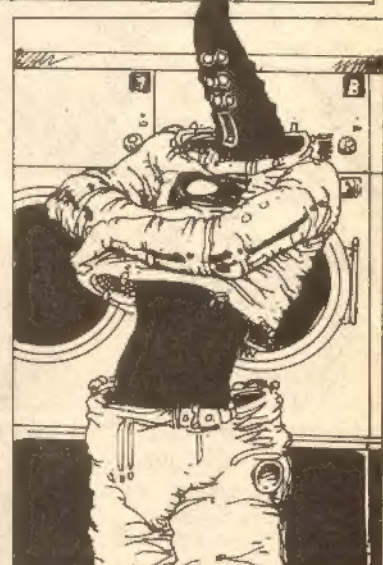
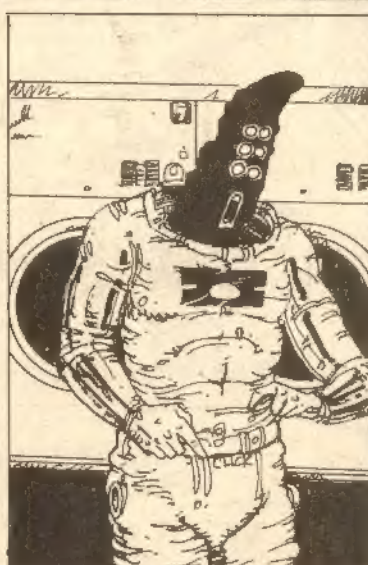
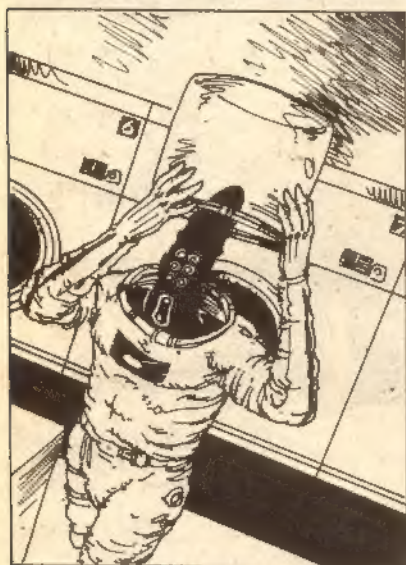


SOMEWHERE
ON THE OUT SKIDS
OF LAWRENCE,
KANSAS THERE
APPROACHES...

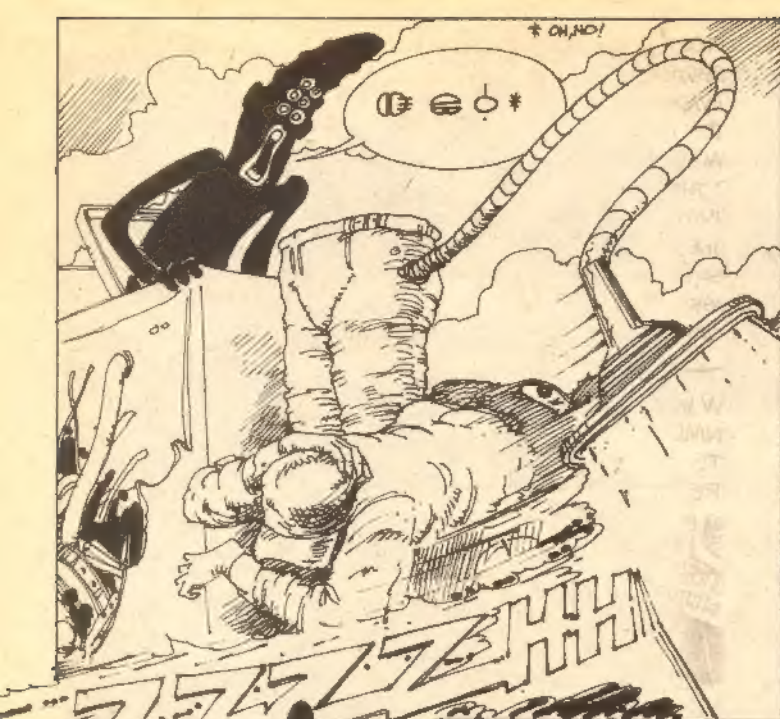
COMMIES FROM MARS









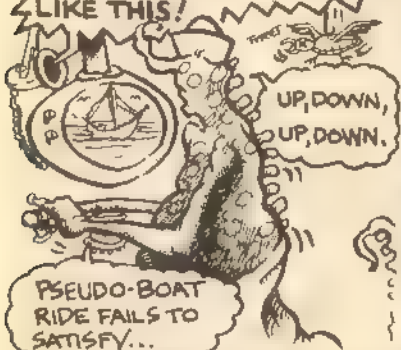


ABOUT ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF THE GOOD OL' U.S.A. AFTER THE 3RD (AND LAST) MARTIAN ASSAULT IN AUG 1993 WAS NEBRASKA (ALL OF IT FR' CHRIST-AXES!), ABOUT 270 SQ. MILES OF NEVADA THIS UNFORTUNATELY MOSTLY INCLUDED THE NEVADA NUCLEAR TEST SITE WHICH THE U.S. MILITARY HAD TURNED INTO A RADIOACTIVE WASTE-LAND LONG BEFORE THE MARTIANS EVER SHOWED THEIR FACES(?) ON EARTH, AND SOME PORTIONS OF SAN FRANCISCO!! EARTH WAS DEFEATED - MOST OF IT BURN'T TO A CRISP LIKE THE U.S. - AND MOST OF IT'S INHABITANTS CRISPY CRITTERS. SO, FROM THE NEW PRESIDENTIAL HEADQUARTERS IN MCCOOK, NEBRASKA, PRES. GEORGE BUSH THREW IN THE TOWEL AND AMERICA AWAITED THE...

TOURISM FROM THE RED PLANET

NOW ON TERRA FOR SUMMER VACATION
PRINT THE DOWN RED
LONG HIP-SHAKIN' ALIEN

IN SAN FRANCISCO'S FAMED NORTH BEACH AREA... IF THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY STILL EXISTED IT WOULD LOOK AND SMELL LIKE THIS!



BUT NOW IN NORTH BEACH ENVIRONMENT I SAMPLE DELIGHTS OF HUMANOID PLEASURE!!



TELL ME ROTUND HUMAN, WHAT EXOTIC DRINK THIS BE?



GULP



673 DRINKS LATER...

WHEN DO I GET OFF ON EARTHLY JOY JUICE?



OKAY PILGRIM GOTTA EXTRA SPECIAL SHOW FOR YA! NO ARMS-TOTALY-NUDE-RETARD-BOUND-AND GAGGED-LOVE ACT! SEE IT HERE!



NOW FOR TORRID INTER-PLANETARY IN-OUT!!

NO WAY JACK!!

BIG TRIP TO HOT SPOT TOURIST CENTER NOT PANNING OUT WAY I THOT!!

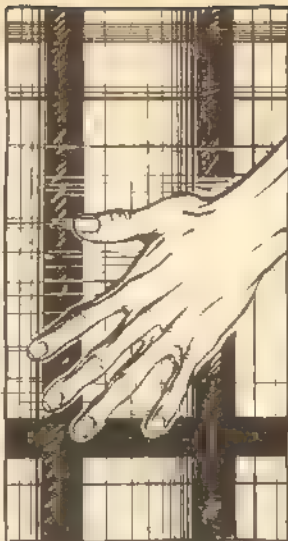


HEY MR. MARTIAN, I GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU - FORGET ALL THAT JIVE DRUGS AND SEX!



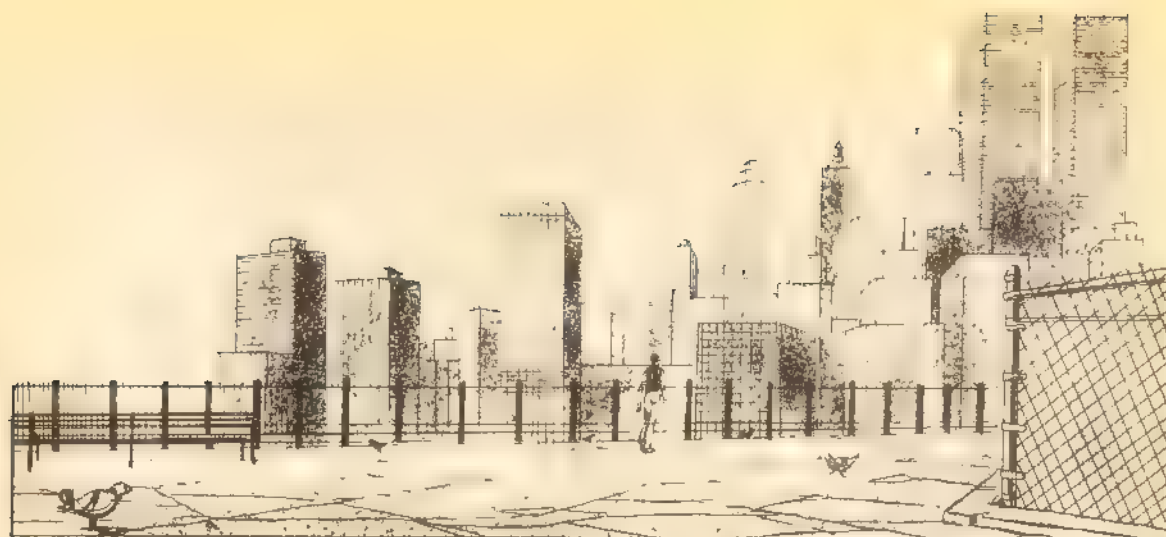
HOT DAMN!! - IS NOTHING LIKE THIS BACK ON OL' COMMUNE





SHIVER AND TWITCH





MY BODY MET
THE TRUCK'S GRILL
WITH AN IMPACT
THAT LEFT ME
AN UNSIGHTLY MESS...

SHIVER
AND
TWITCH



I'VE BEEN
LIVING IN THIS
CITY MUCH TOO
LONG...



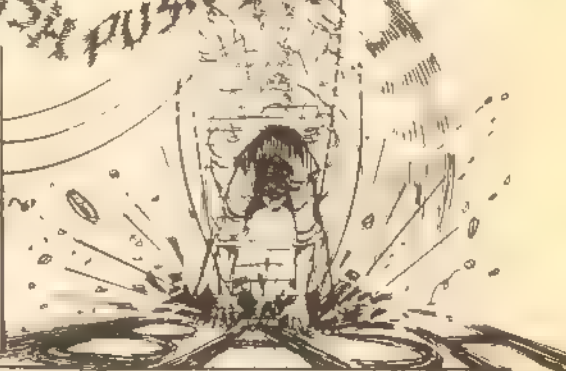
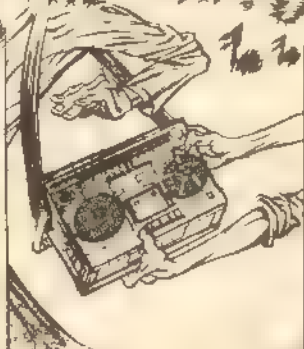
THE SOUND OF A HOLLOW CRUNCH BROUGHT THE ONCE HAPPY, EX-MOTHER OUT OF HER DAZE AND SHE BEGAN TO SCREAM

SHIVER AND TWITCH





PUSH PUSH IN THE BUSH PUSH PUSH



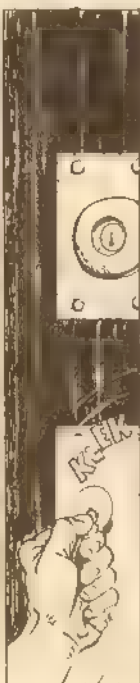
SHIVER AND TWITCH

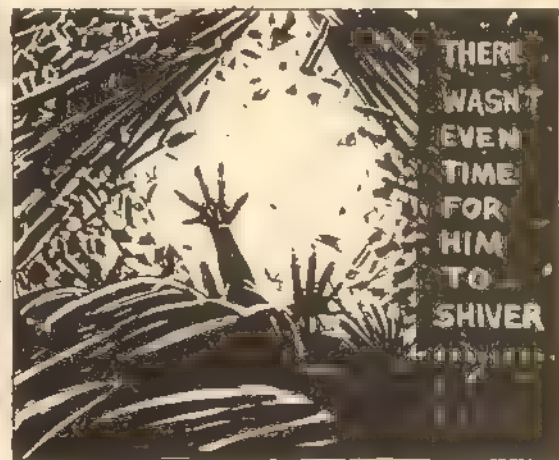
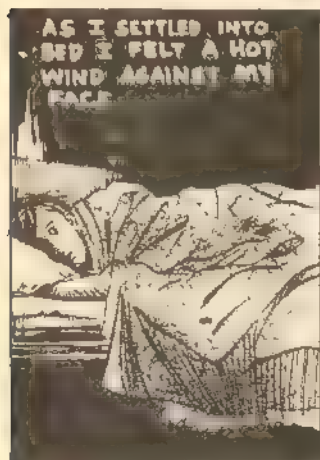


MUCH TO MY SURPRISE,
AS HIS SWEATY FACE
HIT THE RADIO'S
EXPOSED CIRCUITS
A REACTION TOOK
PLACE THAT I COULD
NOT BE MISTAKEN
TO BE HIS LAST
DISCLOSURE.

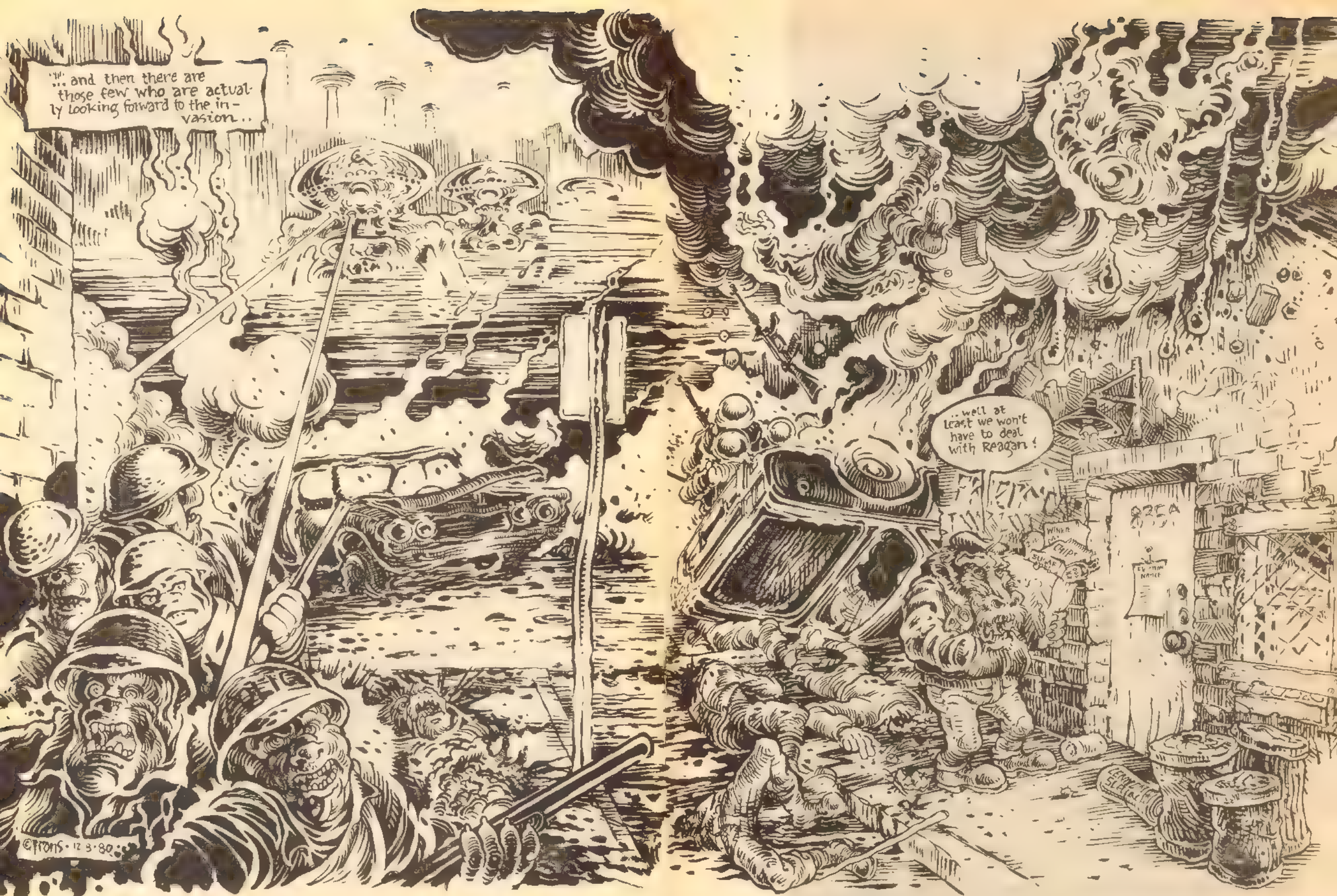


THERE
DOUGHT TO
BE A LAW.





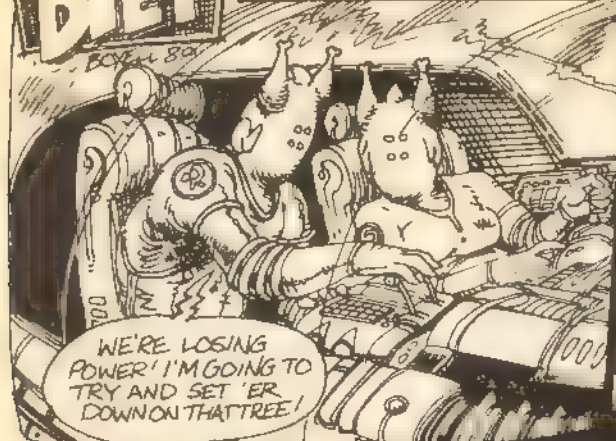
...and then there are
those few who are actual-
ly looking forward to the in-
vasion...



CRASH DIET

BOX 180

VAL + MAL OF THE 83RD REGIONAL HUSBAND AND WIFE MARTIAN OCCUPATION FORCE EXPERIENCE A MECHANICAL MALFUNCTION WHILE ON A ROUTINE PATROL

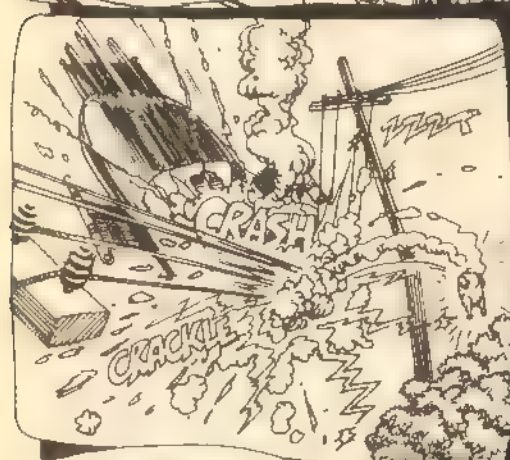


WE'RE LOSING POWER! I'M GOING TO TRY AND SET 'ER DOWN ON THAT TREE!



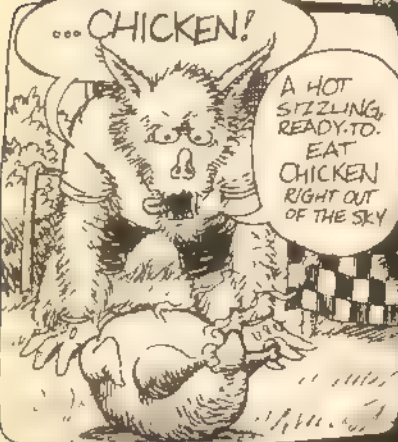
ARE WE GOING TO CLEAR THOSE WIRES HONEY?

SURE! NO PROBLEM..



ANOTHER GODDAM POWER OUTAGE EVER SINCE THOSE MARTIANS TOOK OVER THERE'S BEEN TOO LITTLE ELECTRICITY

AND NOT ENOUGH MEAT? WHAT I'D DO FOR A STEAK SOME FORK CHOPS.. RIBS. A BURGER. A A.



...CHICKEN?

A HOT SIZZLING READY TO EAT CHICKEN RIGHT OUT OF THE SKY



A SHORT WHILE LATER

WELL IT DIDN'T HAVE BONES LIKE A CHICKEN AND IT DIDN'T TASTE QUITE LIKE A CHICKEN, BUT ALL THINGS CONSIDERED IT WAS A HELL OF A NICE CHICKEN!

KNOCK KNOCK

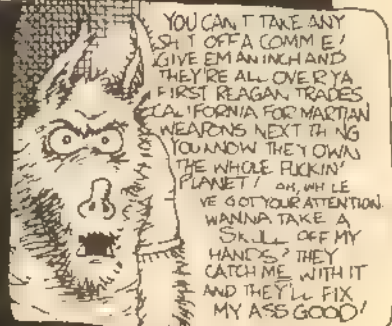
AH, THE KNOCK OF A VISITOR JUST IN TIME... AFTER I FINISHED EATING!



CAN YOU HELP ME? WE CRASHED INTO THE POWER LINES AND MY WIFE'S HEAD WAS CHOPED OFF. SEVERED IT MAY HAVE FALLEN INTO YOUR YARD!

YOU SCREW UP MY ELECTRICITY DURING THE WORLD SERIES AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO BUG ME BECAUSE YOUR WIFE LOST HER HEAD?

WHAT NERVE!! BUZZ OFF, COMMIE!!



YOU CAN'T TAKE ANY SHIT OFF A COMMIE! GIVE EM AN INCH AND THEY'RE ALL OVER YA! FIRST REAGAN TRADES CALIFORNIA FOR MARTIAN WEAPONS NEXT THING YOU KNOW THEY OWN THE WHOLE FUCKIN' PLANET! OH, MY LEVE GOT YOUR ATTENTION WANNA TAKE A SKULL OFF MY HANDS? THEY CATCH ME WITH IT AND THEY'LL FIX MY ASS GOOD!

END

AT LEAST THE MARTIANS WERE HONEST.
NO SOAP, NO TOWELS. JUST GAS.

NO MALICE, YOU UNDERSTAND, BUT
NATIVE SENTIENTS JUST GET IN
THE WAY OF THE JOB AT HAND—
MINING ALL OF EARTH'S RESOURCES.

STORY—IAN JAMES ART—JON RICH

©
1980

PRAYERS FROM A CLOSET

THE MARTIANS FIT RIGHT INTO THE
HOUSING AND FURNITURE LEFT BEHIND.
A LITTLE CRAMPED, BUT CLOSE
ENOUGH THAT THE INVADERS DIDN'T
HAVE TO PROVIDE THEIR OWN—
A REAL SAVINGS

STILL DECIPHERING THE HUMANS'
RECORDS, I SEE, METTAR?

YES BRITAM. I THOUGHT I'D TRY TO PUT
THIS IN SOME LOGICAL ORDER. I'M SURE
OUR ARCHIVISTS WILL FIND USE FOR THEM.

NO, IT'S JUST FOR
MY SPARE TIME. LITTLE
ENOUGH TO DO IN THE
ZOOLOGICAL LAB.
WE ALMOST HAVE MORE
TECHNICIANS THAN
SPECIMENS.

LUCK OF THE ASSIGNMENT
MAYBE NEXT CYCLE YOU'LL
BE TRANSFERRED TO
THE MINES. OR WORSE—
YOU MIGHT GET MY JOB
IN ADMINISTRATION.

THIS ISN'T INTERFERING WITH
YOUR ASSIGNED DUTIES?

MY "GREAT" TASK FOR NOW, IS TO TRACK DOWN SOME MISSING LAB SPECIMENS... SMALL QUADRUPEDS POSSIBLY RAN OFF... MORE LIKELY MISCOUNTED.



STILL, THE INVENTORY MUST BE BALANCED. IT'S FOR THE GREATER GOOD.

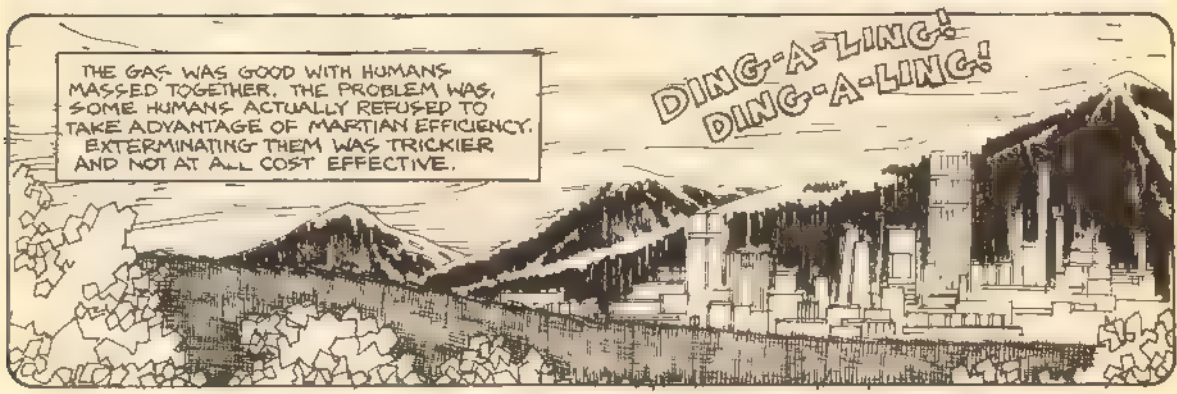


SUPPOSE SO, BRITAM.

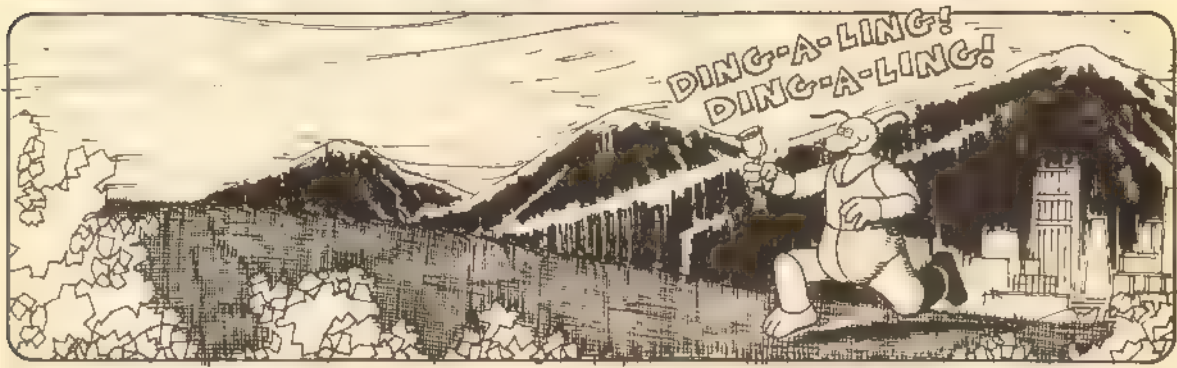
ALL IS FOR THE GREATER GOOD

THE GAS WAS GOOD WITH HUMANS MASSED TOGETHER. THE PROBLEM WAS, SOME HUMANS ACTUALLY REFUSED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF MARTIAN EFFICIENCY. EXTERMINATING THEM WAS TRICKIER AND NOT AT ALL COST EFFECTIVE.

DING-A-LING!
DING-A-LING!



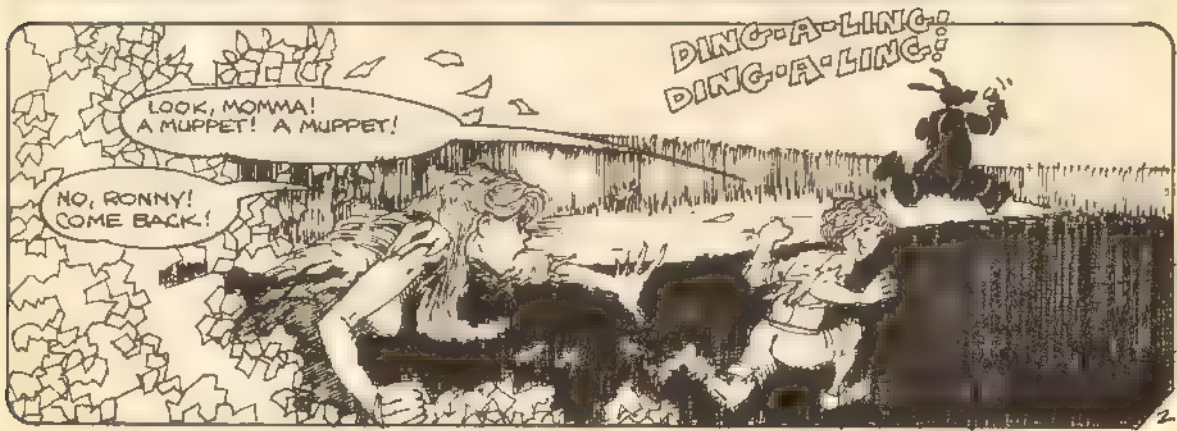
DING-A-LING!
DING-A-LING!

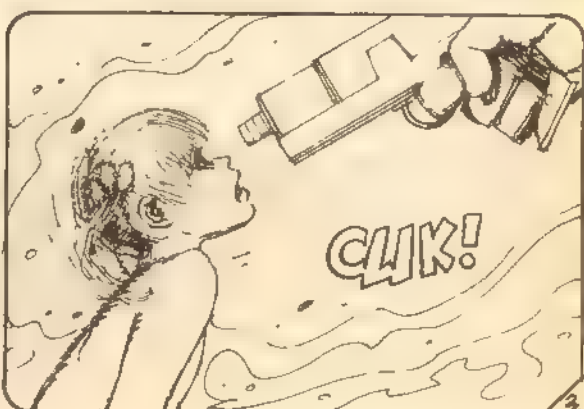
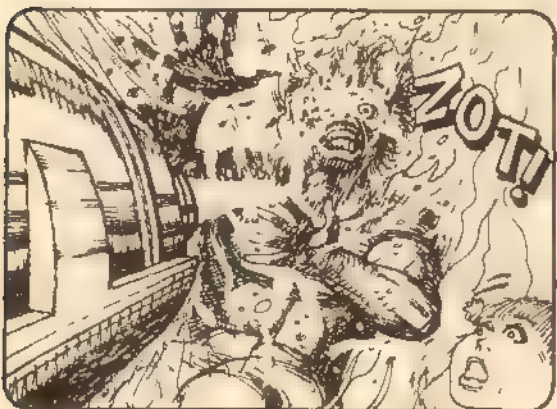
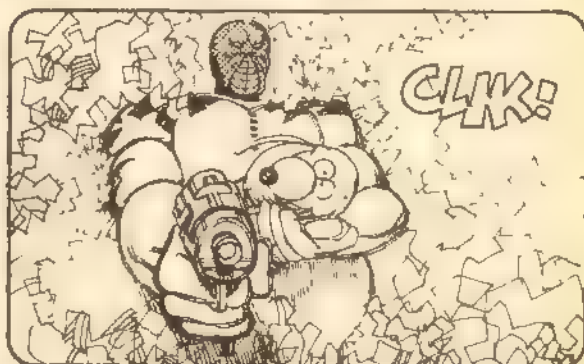
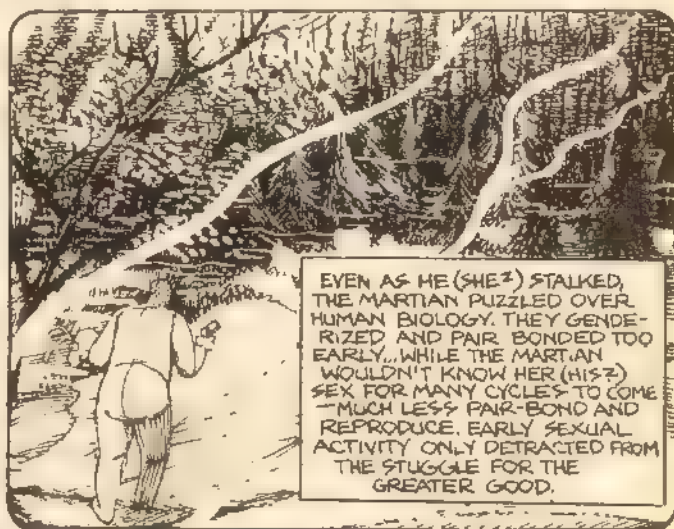


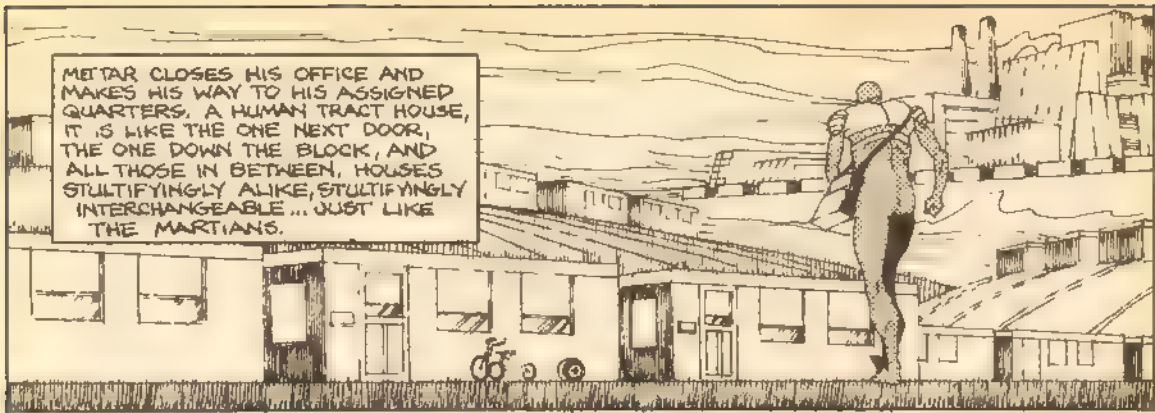
DING-A-LING!
DING-A-LING!

LOOK, MOMMA!
A MUPPET! A MUPPET!

NO, RONNY!
COME BACK!







METTAR CLOSES HIS OFFICE AND MAKES HIS WAY TO HIS ASSIGNED QUARTERS, A HUMAN TRACT HOUSE, IT IS LIKE THE ONE NEXT DOOR, THE ONE DOWN THE BLOCK, AND ALL THOSE IN BETWEEN, HOUSES STULTIFYINGLY ALIKE, STULTIFYINGLY INTERCHANGEABLE ... JUST LIKE THE MARTIANS.



...UNTIL NOW.

THE LORD, YOUR GOD, SAYS: COME FORTH, THAT YE MAY ENJOY THE BOUNTIFUL HARVEST HE PLACES BEFORE YOU

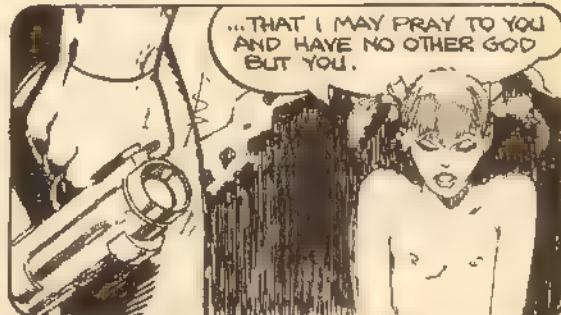


O LORD, BRINGER OF THE BOUNTY, I THANK THEE FOR THIS SUSTENANCE... THAT I MAY CONTINUE TO PRAY TO YOU.

THIS IS METTAR'S, AND METTAR'S ALONE, SOMETHING SHE (HE?) AND NO OTHER MARTIAN COULD KNOW DIVINITY. HOW CLOSE HE (SHE?) CAME TO NEVER FINDING IT...



SPARE ME, O BRINGER OF DEATH...



...THAT I MAY PRAY TO YOU AND HAVE NO OTHER GOD BUT YOU.



AND THE LORD LOOKED UPON HER WITH FAVOR, AND SPARED HER, THAT SHE MIGHT SING HIS (HER?) PRAISES ALL THE DAYS OF HER LIFE.



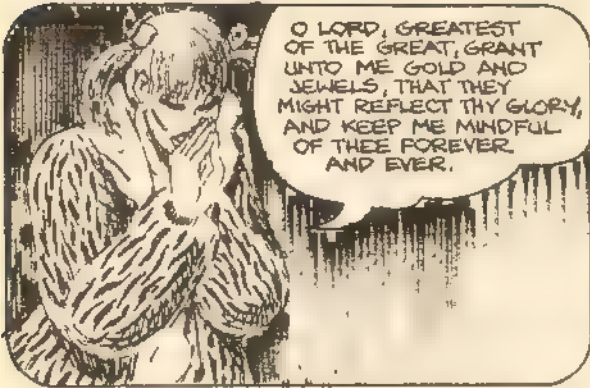
AND THE LORD GOD STUDIED LONG AND WELL, THAT SHE (HE?) MIGHT BE A WORTHY AND BENEFICENT DIET.



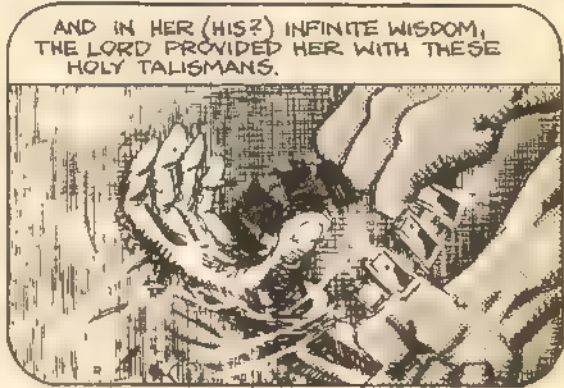
O MOST HOLY OF HOLIES, A PRAYER FOR CLOTHING, THAT THE COLD FREEZE NOT MY LIPS, AND PREVENT THEM FROM SHOUTING THY GREATNESS.



AND THE LORD SAW THAT THIS PRAYER WAS GOOD, AND HE (SHE?) ANSWERED IT WITH FAVOR.



O LORD, GREATEST OF THE GREAT, GRANT UNTO ME GOLD AND JEWELS, THAT THEY MIGHT REFLECT THY GLORY, AND KEEP ME MINDFUL OF THEE FOREVER AND EVER.



AND IN HER (HIS?) INFINITE WISDOM, THE LORD PROVIDED HER WITH THESE HOLY TALISMANS.



SO THE WEEKS WENT BY, METTAR NO LONGER SERVING JUST THE GREATER GOOD. NOW HE (SHE?) WAS ENRICHED BY DIVINITY, FED BY WORSHIP FROM THE CHURCH IN THE CLOSET.

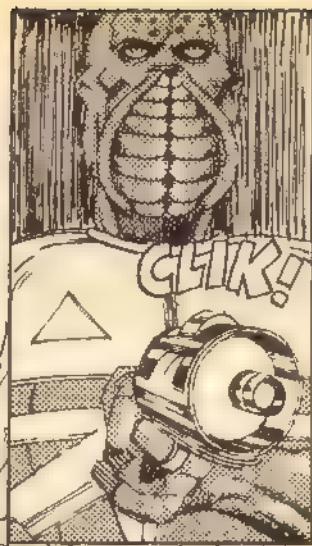


SO THIS IS WHY OUR LABORATORY SPECIMENS ARE MISSING.



YOU WERE CARELESS, METTAR. ONE OF THE QUADRUPEDS WAS STILL ALIVE. I SAW IT GNAW THROUGH YOUR POUCH. THIS DOESN'T HELP THE GREATER GOOD.

I AM BEYOND THE GREATER GOOD,
AND NO LONGER LIKE YOU. I AM DIVINE;
I KNOW THE **GREATEST** GOOD.



ZOT!



ZOT!

METTAR WAS A BAD DIET. WHAT GOD GIVES
HIS DISCIPLES FOOD, BUT DOES NOT
THINK TO HEAT IT?



TRULY, HE WAS A FALSE GOD, I SHALL
WORSHIP YOU, O BRINGER OF HEAT, AND
HAVE NO OTHER GOD BUT YOU.



SOON, SHE WILL GO BACK INTO
THE CLOSET TO COMPOSE NEW
PRAYERS. BUT SHE IS CONTENT;
SHE KNOWS THAT, IF TRAINED
CORRECTLY, GODS MAKE
GOOD SERVANTS



FIN

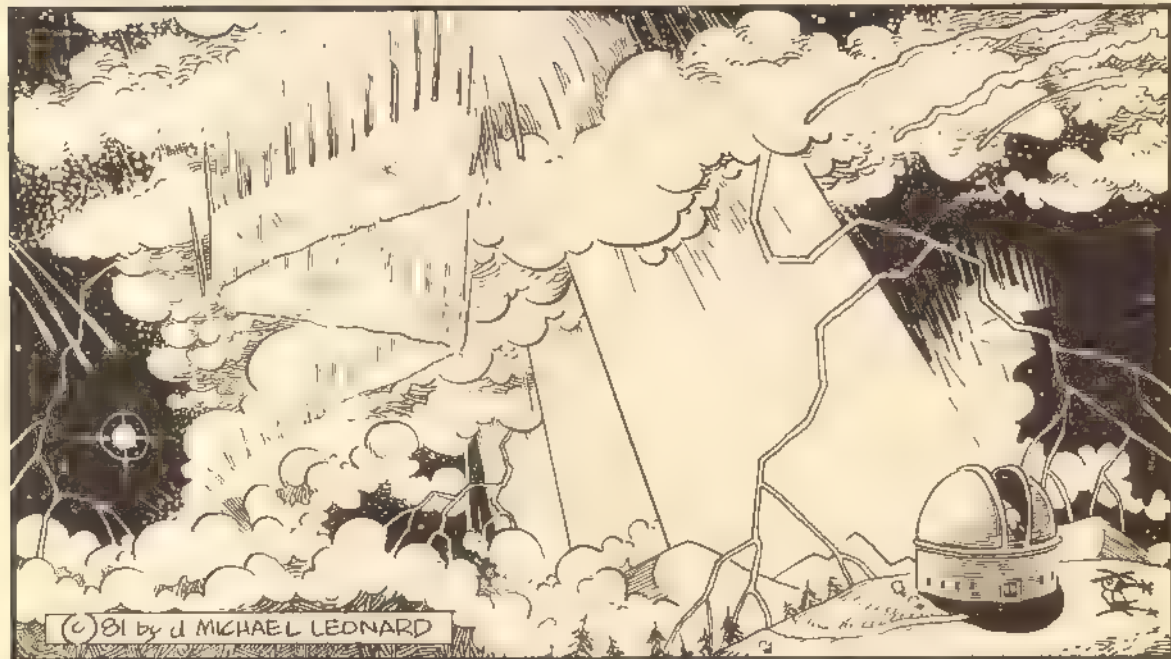


IT CAME IN FROM SOMEWHERE OUT BACK OF PLUTO, ZOOMING IN LIKE A MAD KAMIKAZE, LIKE MOBY DICK IN THE SKY! (OLD PROF ZAP FROM THE INSTITUTE THEORIZED THAT IT HAD SLIPPED OVER FROM A NEGATIVE UNIVERSE...SLIPPED OVER THROUGH A BLACK HOLE) —



ROGUE COMET

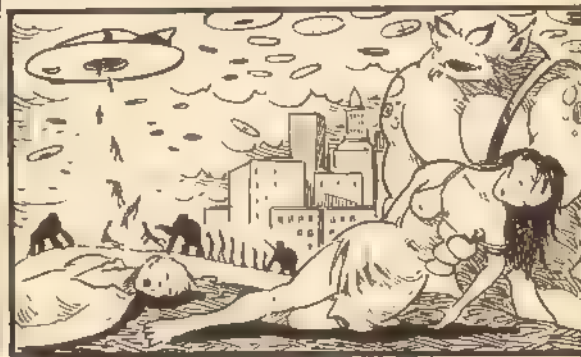
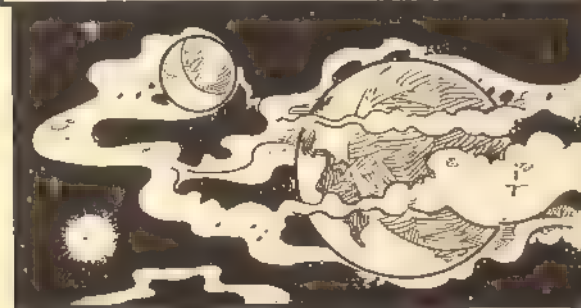
IT PULVERIZED PHOBOS AND CAREENED OFF THE NORTHERN POLAR CAP OF MARS, BREAKING UP AND SCATTERING DEBRIS OVER THE INNER PLANETS — INCLUDING EARTH — THEN DIED LIKE THE 4TH OF JULY IN THE SUN — WHATA SHOW!



(C) 81 by d MICHAEL LEONARD

AND IT WASN'T LIKE EARTH DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH ECOLOGICAL TROUBLE — POLLUTION, TOXIC WASTES, OZONE NEARLY GONE — THE DEBRIS SPATTERED INTO OUR ATMOSPHERE BY THE ROGUE COMET WAS MAINLY NITROGEN, AMMONIA, ARGON AND CARBON DIOXIDE!

THEN CAME THE MARTIANS LIKE HORNETS OUT OF A SHOOK-UP NEST, SWARMING OVER OUR WORLD...PICKING US OFF...CARTING US AWAY...



WE WERE EASY PREY, TOO... THE ARMY WAS HOPELESSLY INEFFECTIVE... EARTH HAD NO FIGHT LEFT. NO SPIRIT... MANKIND'S ONLY HOPE WAS OLD PROF ZAP, DIRECTOR OF THE WORLD SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTE. ZAP RALLIED THE W.S.I. IN-HOUSE SECURITY FORCES AND FORMULATED A PLAN TO STRIKE BACK AT THE INVADERS!

UNFORTUNATELY, IT WASN'T MUCH OF A CONTEST... AFTER ONLY 2 WEEKS, 90% OF THE SECURITY FORCES HAD BEEN WIPED OUT ALONG WITH OUR MENTOR, OLD PROF ZAP! VICTIMS OF THE INFAMOUS "MEAT MARKET"! THAT LEFT THE THREE OF US - MYSELF, BOS AND WILLY - LAUNCHING ONE LAST DESPERATE ASSAULT AGAINST THE MARSHIES...



WE WALK



LOOK!

METEOR-ITES!



THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE IS TOO THIN TO STOP 'EM



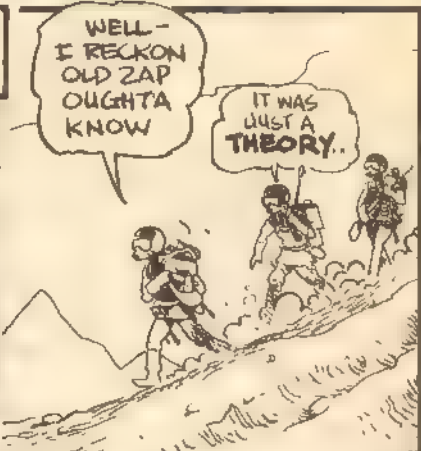
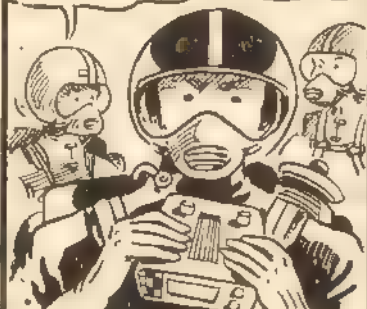
THERE YA GO, EUCLIDE-

THAT'S IT.. THAT'S THE MEAT MARKET!

THE MEAT MARKET! WHERE PEOPLE WENT IN BUT DIDN'T COME OUT AGAIN!

...PROF ZAP TOLD ME ONCE THAT THEY PROCESS HUMANS THERE...

... INTO (GULP!) FOOD!



WELL - I RECKON OLD ZAP OUGHTA KNOW

IT WAS JUST A THEORY..

WE HIKED THOSE FINAL MILES IN SILENCE, ANXIOUS AND ALONE



LOT-A TRAFFIC UP THERE.

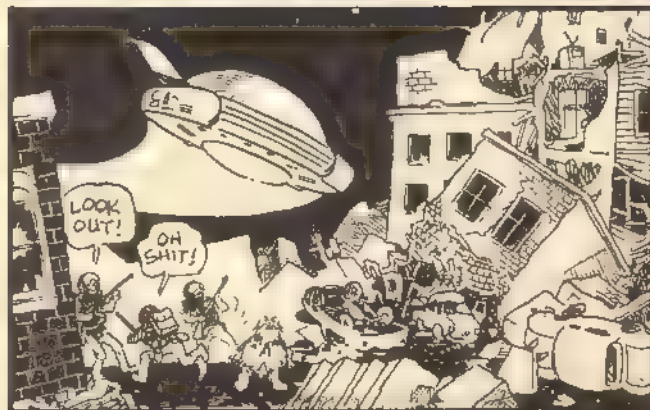
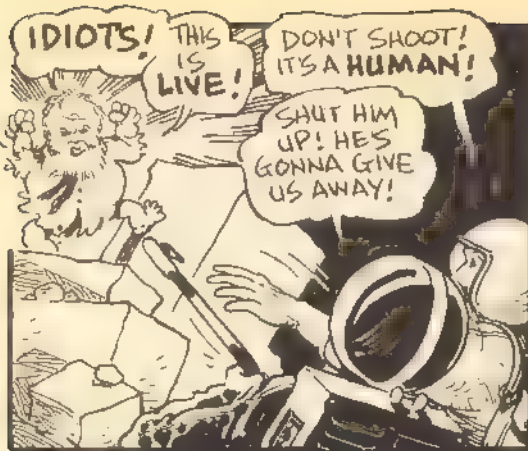


NO MORE TALKING, HERE ON IN...



STAGE RIGHT, DAMMIT! STAGE RIGHT!!

WHAT TH' HELL?!



SUDDENLY I WAS AWAKE!
THERE WAS A VAGUE
FEELING OF MOTION...



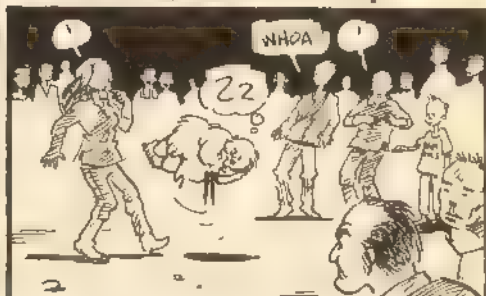
THEN - WE
FAILED! MY
GOD, WE NEVER
EVEN FIRED
A SHOT!

WE DID OUR
BEST! WE
JUST GOT A
BAD BREAK,
IS ALL.

IT'S ALL
HIS
FAULT!
THE MAD
OLD
HATTER!

EASY, BOS -
THAT WON'T
DO US ANY
GOOD NOW.

AS WE STOOD THERE, DISHEARTENED,
THE FEELING OF MOTION STOPPED...
THERE WAS A HIGH-PITCHED WHINE
AND THE CRAZY FAT GUY
STARTED LEVITATING!



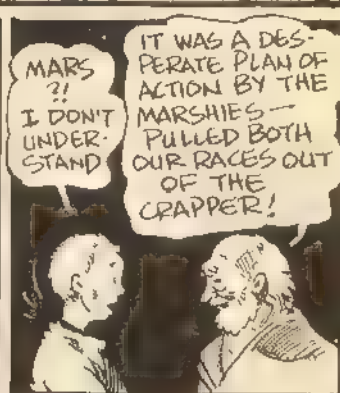
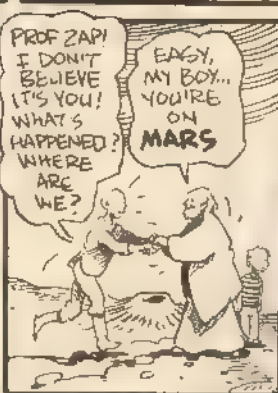
THEN WE WERE ALL
LIFTED... CARRIED
ALOFT BY SOME INVISIBLE
FORCE FIELD!

WE PASSED THRU
THE WALLS OF THE
MEAT MARKET, DRIFT-
ING EARTHWARD...

EARTHWARD? IT WASN'T EARTH! AND I
KNEW THEN - WHERE EVER I WAS - I'D
NEVER SEE EARTH AGAIN! WE LANDED
LIKE SNOWFLAKES AND MADE OUR WAY
OVER TO THE STRANGE SETTLEMENT...



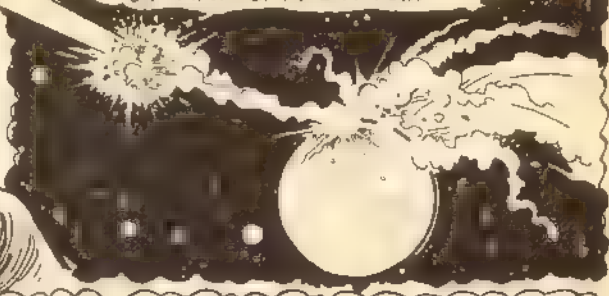
IT'S THE LAST PLACE I
WOULD HAVE EXPECTED
TO FIND A FAMILIAR
FACE, BUT...



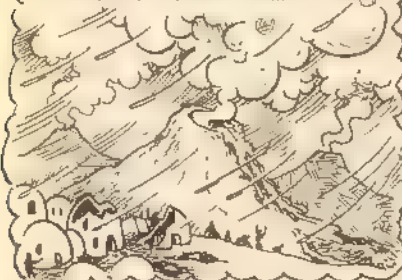
AND AS I FOUGHT TO ABSORB THE ENORMITY OF EVENTS, PROF ZAP EX PLAINED THE WHY AND HOW OF THE WHOLE THING...



"WHEN THE ROGUE COMET SLAMMED INTO MARS, IT KNOCKED THE WHOLE PLANET SIDEWAYS IN ORBIT... GOT IT TO SPINNING FASTER..."



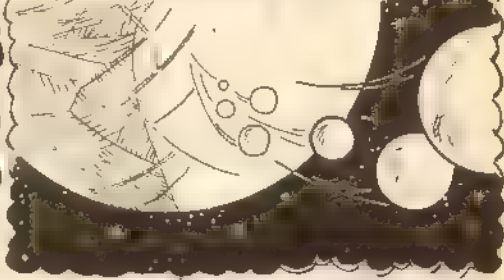
"...INCREASED THE ESCAPE VELOCITY... POLAR CAPS STEAMED... VOLCANOES BLEW OUT HOT IRON OXIDE GAS... GRAVITY GOT HEAVIER, HELD IT ALL IN..."



"THE MARSHIES WOKE UP ONE DAY AND FOUND ALL THAT GOOD CO₂ THEY LOVED TO BREATHE WAS TURNING INTO O₂GEN!"

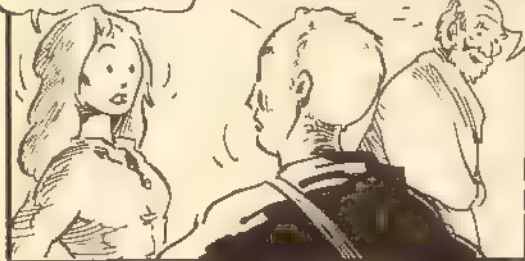


"WITH CASUALTIES IN THE MILLIONS, THEY ORGANIZED AND LAUNCHED A SUCCESSFUL INVASION AGAINST US! NOT TO CONQUER, BUT TO SWAP -MARS FOR THE EARTH!"



EARTH! WITH THE UNBREATHABLE AIR AND DISSIPATED ATMOSPHERE - IT HAS BECOME THE PERFECT HOME FOR THEM!

AND MARS - IT'S NOW LIKE A PRISTINE EARTH! UNPOLLUTED... CLEAN ..



OF COURSE WE WERE DULY MOVED AND WAXED PHILOSOPHICAL, AND WE VOWED TO BUILD A BETTER WORLD FOR OURSELVES AS WELL AS FUTURE GENERATIONS!

THE PERFECT HOME FOR US!

I'LL BE DAMN!



"...ALL THAT HAPPENED SOME FIFTY-ODD YEAR AGO, AND I FIGURE, IF NOTHING ELSE, MAYBE WE SURVIVORS LEARNED SOMETHING ABOUT NATURAL BALANCE AND THE SANCTITY OF LIFE..."



...OR NOT-



ETC.

A COMIC

BY

REVLO

HELLO. MY NAME IS HOLLY. IN JULY, A GROUP OF COMMIES FROM MARS MOVED IN WITH OUR FAMILY.



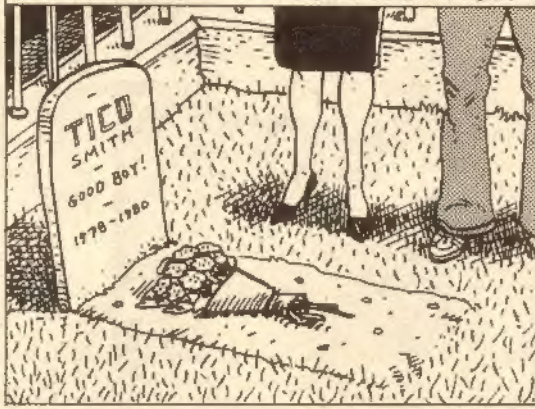
AT FIRST, THEY SEEMED QUITE AMUSING! THEIR DASHING GOOD LOOKS AND REPARTEE CLOUDED OUR MINDS TO THE REAL TRUTH!!



WE CLOSED OUR EYES TO MANY STRANGE THINGS!



UNTIL ONE DAY WE FOUND THEM IN THE KITCHEN. THEY WERE TAKING TURNS FLOOKING THE FAMILY DOG. OUR BELOVED TICO.



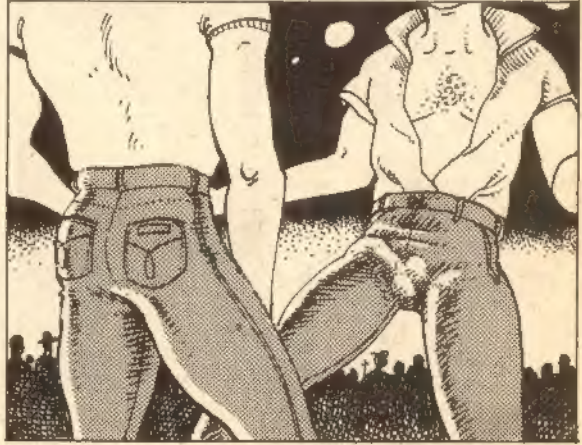
LATER THAT DAY, GRANDPA'S SHELL WENT SOFT.



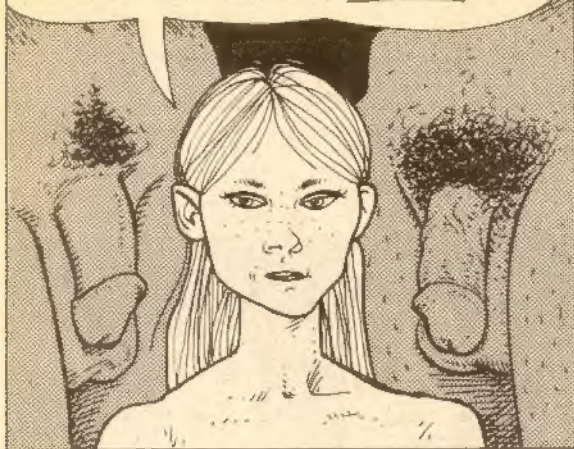
WITHIN THREE WEEKS OF THEIR ARRIVAL, ALL FAMILY MEMBERS (INCLUDING MALES) WERE VERY PREGNANT!!



AFTER THAT, THE SITUATION BECAME RATHER UGLY! THE COMMIES WENT OUT AND BOUGHT THEMSELVES SOME DESIGNER JEANS!!!



OKAY, OKAY!! I LIED ABOUT THAT PART! BUT MOST OF THE REST OF IT IS TRUE. I SWEAR IT, REALLY!!



LAST WEDNESDAY, THE PREGNANT ONES IN OUR FAMILY ALL GAVE BIRTH AT 2:00 IN THE AFTERNOON. BY 7:30 THAT EVENING, ALL THE BABIES WERE FULL-GROWNED!!



AND NOW WE TAKE YOU TO ANOTHER COMIC ALREADY IN PROGRESS.....

OH PROMISE ME YOUR UNDYING LOVE YOU BIG-DICKED BEAST!!

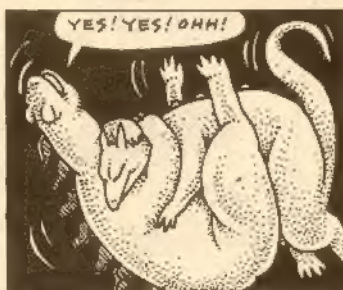
TAKE IT ALL MY PRINCESS!!



FEEL THE SPLENDOR OF LETTING GO MY DARLING!



YES! YES! OHH!

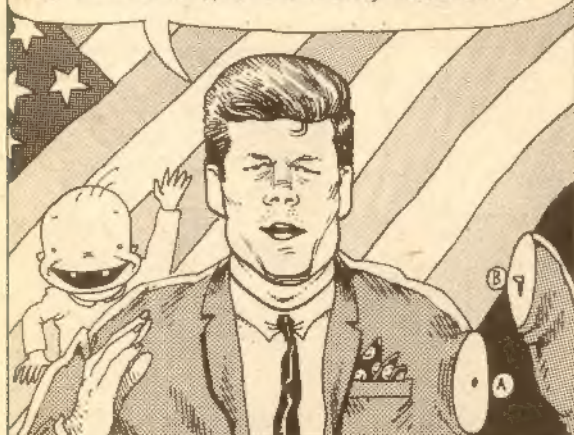


THANK YOU DARLING!

OH NO! THANK YOU!!



AND SO, THE AGE OF THE DINOSAUR CAME TO A CLOSE. AND NOW, THIS IS JACK KENNEDY SAYING "JEEZ THE GROUND WAS COLD THIS MORNING!"



☆ STUDENT QUESTIONNAIRE!! ☆

1. REMEMBER THE MAN WHO WAS RUNNING FROM THE BANK? WHAT COLOR WAS HIS AURA? _____
2. DID YOU REMEMBER TO SAY THANKS FOR YOUR LAST EPISODE OF INTERCOURSE?? YES ☐ NO ☐
3. DO YOU FAVOUR THE DEAF PENALTY?? YES ☐ NO ☐ WHAT? ☐
4. THE NICE THING ABOUT COMMIES FROM MARS IS THAT THEY'RE NEVER PERT OR PERKY. YES ☐ NO ☐

(SIGN HERE)

NAME _____ AGE _____
SIZE _____ STATUS _____

ANSWER: MEN ARE ALL ALIKE!!!

SAVE the CHILDREN

...from the capitalist media mechanism of lies! It is your responsibility to fashion their young unshaped minds and give them the knowledge needed to build the future!

AGRARIAN COMRADES



MILITARY BRETHERN



FELLOW WORKERS



JOIN US!

STUDY THESE WORKS CAREFULLY! YOU MUST BE AN ADULT (AGE 18) TO PURCHASE THESE MAGAZINES! DIRECT ACCESS, BY YOUTH, TO THE INFORMATION AND IMAGES THEY CONTAIN IS FORBIDDEN!!!

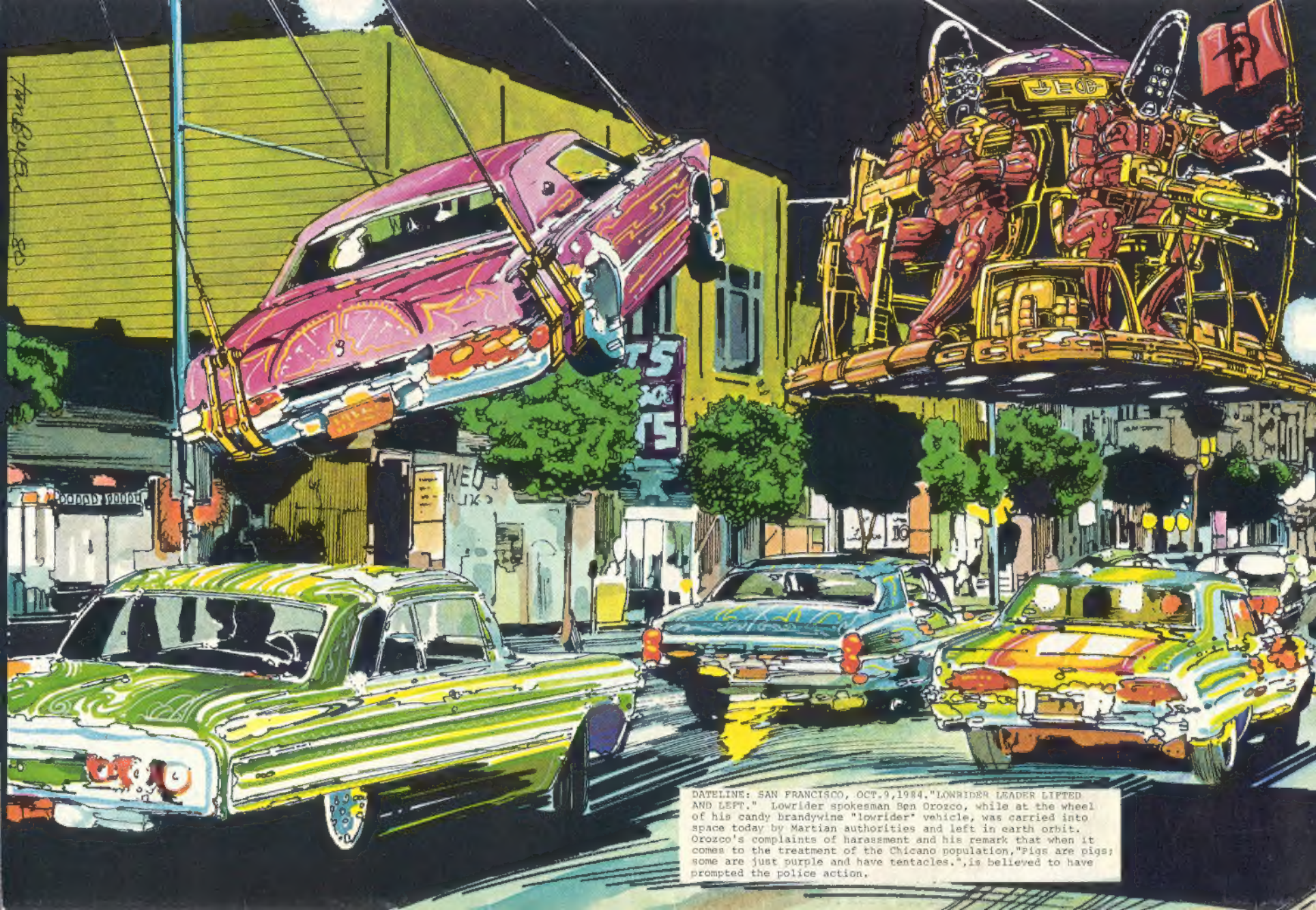
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YOUR STATEMENT OF ENLIGHTENED MATURITY -
I AM AT LEAST 18 YEARS OLD AND I WANT TO CORRECT MY POLITICS. SIGNED _____
MY NAME _____
MY ADDRESS _____
PLEASE SEND THE FOLLOWING COMIX:

COMMIES FROM MARS #2 ☐ #3 ☐ SF COMIX #6 ☐
COCAINE COMIX #2 ☐ DOPIN' DAN #4 ☐
TITS & CLITS #6 ☐ DR. ATOMIC #6 ☐ YOUNG LUST #6 ☐
ZIPPY #3 ☐ NO DUCKS #1 ☐ #2 ☐ ANARCHY #1 ☐ #2 ☐
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DATeline: SAN FRANCISCO, OCT. 9, 1984. "LOWRIDER LEADER LIPTED AND LEFT." Lowrider spokesman Ben Orozco, while at the wheel of his candy brandyvine "lowrider" vehicle, was carried into space today by Martian authorities and left in earth orbit. Orozco's complaints of harassment and his remark that when it comes to the treatment of the Chicano population, "Pigs are pigs; some are just purple and have tentacles," is believed to have prompted the police action.